

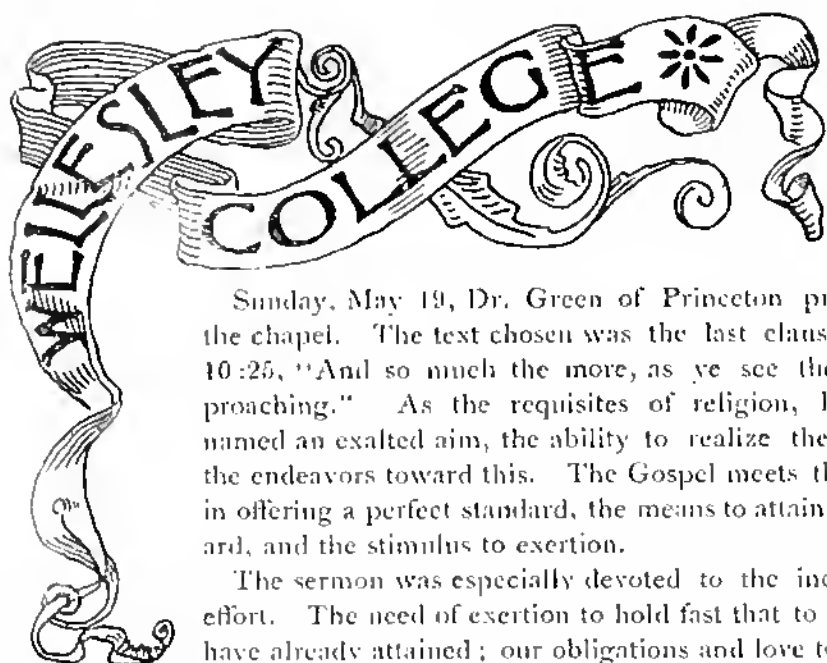
The Current

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 34.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



Sunday, May 19, Dr. Green of Princeton preached in the chapel. The text chosen was the last clause of Heb. 10:25, "And so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." As the requisites of religion, Dr. Green named an exalted aim, the ability to realize the aim, and the endeavors toward this. The Gospel meets these needs in offering a perfect standard, the means to attain that standard, and the stimulus to exertion.

The sermon was especially devoted to the incentives to effort. The need of exertion to hold fast that to which we have already attained; our obligations and love to God and Christ because of what they are in themselves, and because of what they have done for us, "and so much the more as we see the day approaching." At the close of the service Miss Middlekauff played the Offertoire of St. Cecilia, by Batiste.

Dr. Green led evening prayers in chapel. The subject of the five o'clock prayer meeting was: "Ye pass over judgment and the love of God." The usual section prayer meetings were held at half past seven.

Bible Lecture.

On Friday, May 17, Dr. Green of Princeton lectured to the Bible classes on the Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch. He said: While not indispensable to the credibility of the Pentateuch, the authorship of Moses, a law-giver and eye-witness, would be its highest guarantee. The strongest arguments for the Mosaic authorship are as follows: The tradition of the Jews and the fact that Christ and the apostles repeatedly refer to the law of Moses; the belief of the Israelites and the testimony of the subsequent books of the Old Testament; the testimony of the Pentateuch itself, explicitly stating that some parts of it were written by Moses. These agree in style and diction with the remainder, and the language indicates that it was written during the sojourn in the wilderness.

A forged law could not have been so generally enforced and the fact that it was known to the ten tribes shows that it was accepted by all the Jews.

Dr. Green then spoke of the objections brought against the Mosaic authorship, viz: The great difference in the three codes of law, the fact that the laws were often disobeyed, and some literary inconsistencies which point to the existence of at least two authors living at different periods. These objections can be answered conclusively.

Mr. Hamilton Mabie on "Modern Criticism."

Mr. Mabie's popularity in Wellesley was well tested when a large audience assembled in the chapel during the busy hours of Saturday morning to hear his lecture on the subject of "Modern Criticism."

Mr. Mabie first noted as the highest test of any literature, soundness of substance and perfection of form. The test is rarely applied alone, but associated with other tests is constantly in use. Every expression of the great fact of *life* is not literature, but all literature must contain such expression. Critical study is the original and creative work of the present time. In other ages the thought would have been expressed in the drama, epic, essay or other form. Modern investigation makes clear the truth that literature gives an insight into human life and experience. There have been three stages of criticism. The first, textual criticism, originated very early; the second, aesthetic criticism, was only possible after the work had permeated the human mind and heart; the third, a stage which includes the whole field of literature, is not possible until universal literature is open to the critic. Such wide research as is necessary for this highest stage of criticism has been possible only in modern times.

The German critics, Winckelmann, von Herder and Goethe reconstructed human thought and destroyed the abstract idea of knowledge, in the perception that literature depends on the characteristic surroundings of man; that history is a continuous revelation of the character of man; and that literature, as a part of the vast movement, is a growth which shows the growth of man. Spirit, not form, must remain permanent. Flawless models are for inspection, not for imitation. The great place occupied by the criticism of to-day shows, not a decline of force, but force directed through a new channel. The end of criticism is the same as the end of science—to find out the fact and the law behind the fact. Those critics who have pursued the highest end of criticism have created a new form of literature in which is illustrated perfection of form, soundness of substance, and loyalty to fact and the law behind the fact. By it has been added a new page in the revelation of life.

An Exposition of Color.

Mrs. Henry Whitman of Boston gave an informal discourse last Saturday evening in the Faculty Parlor on the subject of "Color." The purport of her address was embodied in this one word so often used and so much misused, her aim being to give her hearers a fresh realization of what color stands for, in all our lives, thoughts and impressions.

To consider first, color as such: We live in a colored world. Every thing has two qualities: that of form and that of color. Color is more elaborate, changing, and hence more complex in its understanding than form. We must name and relate all its multitudinous tones and shades, and determine its relation to light. Hence is a reason for the superficial understanding of color which we have, simply because we have no words for the different shades and tones. "I don't suppose I appreciate it," said a lady in speaking of a grey-green tinted wall paper, "I am so fond of colors." The fact is, that most colors are grey,—even the spring landscape with its trees, a great deal greener now than they will be later on,

has its background of grey. Grey is the natural result of a mixture of the primary colors. We should scream with pain if it were not a great grey world that we are living in, with only glimpses of the brighter red, blue or yellow hues.

Composition of colors is a great department of art, but it is learned from nature. To every question of color composition, there is one right answer, for every color composition leads the mind in fresh directions and tells a new story of its own. There is a reason why a particular person's room should be dressed in red or blue, buff or brown. When this is generally understood we shall have more melody and the assembly of people in a concert hall will look less like a country rag mat. We must recover simplicity and begin by being still and quiet. Here we may learn again from nature's constant use of dull tones alone in masses.

The rule for technical treatment of color is to stop thinking of color, and think of what you are going to reproduce in color. The object is to make people realize that the artist has reproduced nature and has even added to nature—added the element of a human spirit's conception of perfect form. It is hard to produce a large thing in beautiful color. Only two or three people in a century can reproduce the charm of a human face; but many could paint an exquisite gem. Titian, by the capacity of color realization born in him, set a standard for all other times in this matter.

Color is a means of expressing emotion, and hence, possibly, a new emotion. Color may stand like the overtones in music, for a strange new language expressing upper ranges of emotion. This is mainly ideal, but it is well for us to get a glimpse of it. We shall some day come the nearer to it therefore.

Lecture on Persian Poetry.

On Monday evening, May 20, Mr. Mabie delivered a lecture, in the chapel, upon Persian poetry.

Persia has been a land fruitful in poets: the mystical thought and melodious expression have been the heritage of as many as twenty-five thousand members of this nation and their works together would well fill a small library. This fund of poetic thought is but little known to Western people in the form of translation, yet many writers of other nations have drawn inspiration from these works. Indeed, the Persian poets excel in originating ideas and in forming primary intellectual conceptions, rather than in clothing these thoughts in perfect, melodious language.

Four of these poets were chosen as representative of all.

One of the greatest of Persian poets is Sadi, a contemporary of Dante. His life was as various and marvelous as those in the Arabian Nights' Tales. Born in the capital city, Shiraz, he was early left an orphan, and that in poverty. He suddenly came into possession of a large fortune. He became a student, then a fellow in Bagdad. He travelled widely in the East, visiting Mecca fifteen times. He lived sixty years as a hermit. He was, in short, a person of almost universal experience. This universality of life shows itself in his poetry. He became a voice declaring the life of his times. Wise, meditative, of wide sympathy, he was one of those rare natures who write for all people and all time. His best known work is "Bostan" or the "Garden of Roses." His works abound in aphorisms and proverbs. A born singer, he brooded over the eternal problems and embodied his wisdom in language, with ease, grace and vigor.

Hafiz, also a native of Shiraz, represents another phase of Persian thought. Living in luxury, sated with pleasure, enjoying to the full the good things of this life, his works express a softness and languor of mood, which is characteristic of Persian poetry. He represents essentially the mystical side of this literature. He possessed subtle and profound genius and entered into the best thought of his land. His fame spread throughout the East. He was called a prophet—the tongue of the Unseen. He touched the hearts of all readers. His poems may be heard in the song of the camel driver or may be found woven into the works of Goethe and Emerson.

Another representative of the Persian poets is the singer of legends, folklore and national history. The greatest poet of this class is the one styled Ferdusi. Tradition states that at his birth his father beheld him in a vision speaking around the world. His talents were early recognized and, like Scott, he early began to sing of heroic deeds. His greatest poem is the "Shah Namah" or History of the Kings, a work of sixty thousand verses, involving the labor of thirty three years. The king for whom this was written was unjust to him, and Ferdusi's old age was spent in exile and grief. Yet his work has endured and stands as the most lasting monument of the reign of the ungrateful monarch.

Another Persian poet is Omar Khayyam. His work is known to English readers through Fitzgerald's translation and Elihu Vedder's illustrations. This poet gets a view of the problem of life, and labors, unflinchingly but unsuccessfully to solve it. As represented in Vedder's illustrations, the poet sees clearly before him the knot of fate, but finds it an inexplicable mystery.

There are many other Persian poets whose names survive in history, and many more whose names are lost. Their poetry, in general, lacks the broad outlook of the Hindoo thought and the dramatic power and intellectual life of that of Western nations. It gives deep but not wide-spread glimpses into life. It is distinguished for melody rather than harmony. It is full of beauty, but gives only here and there touches of higher wisdom.

The lecture was of unusual interest, by reason of the charm of Persian coloring, the newness of the subject to many of the audience, and especially from its pleasing style. All who have ever heard Mr. Mabie speak will recall his quiet ease of manner, subtle touches of humor and graceful expression of thought.

The Commencement Exercises of the Normal Class in Industrial Training in Connection with the Y. W. C. A., Boston.

It is good for a Wellesley College girl to catch a glimpse of a different kind of life from the one she is leading. It broadens the sympathies and makes her understand that there are thousands of earnest, true souls in the world, before whose work she may well stand in astonished humility.

The Commencement Exercises of the Normal Class in Industrial

Training were held in the Berkeley Street building of the Boston Y. W. C. A., Wednesday, May 15. An early arrival at the building gave the party from the College an opportunity to inspect a part of the building, and to enjoy some specimens of the work of the graduating class. In one room, a table held specimens of clay-modelling executed by the six graduates during the year. Flowers, fruits, parts of the human body, and two or three animal pieces were embraced in this well-finished collection. A diminutive clay turtle attracted every visitor's attention. Near by, on a small table, lay several books containing practical evidence of the young ladies' ability in sewing. Pieces of cloth were fastened to the leaves of the books, and each piece was accompanied by a written explanation of the kind of sewing represented. Invisible darts, the daintiest hemming, back-stitching, tucking, leather-stitching, "seam and gusset and band," were all there, with many other forms of thrifty needle-work which the Wellesley mind failed to recognize. A young lady who has completed one of these books is considered competent to teach sewing according to the best methods. In an adjoining room were outline drawings from nature, and paper models of geometrical figures, all neatly and carefully made. But across the corridor we found the most attractive table of all, loaded with fascinating cakes, jellies, charlotte russe in dainty orange-skin baskets, pudding and rolls, beside the more substantial but no less appetizing dishes of meat and fish. These articles were for sale, having been made by the graduates as proof of their skill in cookery. Later in the evening the table was almost entirely despoiled of its delicious burden, as the visitors bore away their purchases.

Everywhere girls were busy. Each seemed to have her especial work to do, and the household machinery moved on with little friction. An air of cordiality pervaded the house, which we were made to feel especially in one instance. Two or three of the guests were waiting in the chapel, when the music of a hymn came from a neighboring room. A young lady, who was afterwards recognized on the platform as one of the graduates, was hurrying through the chapel. One of the ladies asked her if the meeting from which the music came was open to any one who might wish to go in. I wish every College girl could have seen the bright smile and heard the cheery voice which gave the answer, "Oh, yes! Won't you come?" The invitation was eagerly accepted, and the singing was found to come from the room where evening prayers were being held.

The exercises began at eight o'clock, and before that time the pretty chapel was well filled. On the platform with its grand piano and tastefully arranged potted plants, the Board of Managers were seated, Mrs. Durant presiding. The program was as follows:

Polka—"De La Reine,"	Mr. L. H. Seward	Raff
Salutatory—Object of School	Miss A. L. Wilcox	
Pastorale	Miss Ida W. Marshall	Bizet
Sewing	Miss Mary Lawton	Miss M. S. Grant
Patriotic	Miss Mary Lawton	Mattel
The Proper Selection and Combination of Food	Miss C. C. Bradt	
Duet	Misses Marshall and Lawton	Mendelssohn
Setting and Serving a Table	Miss M. E. Robinson	Miss M. E. Robinson
Allah	Miss Mary Lawton	Chadwick
Care of the Sick	Miss M. L. Long	Miss M. L. Long
Air from Aida and Galatea	Miss Ida W. Marshall	Handel
History of School and Valedictory	Miss E. S. Edwards	Miss E. S. Edwards
Presentation of Diplomas by Mrs. H. F. Durant		

The musical selections were well rendered by pupils of Miss Harriet Gardiner Richardson who studied with Madame Rudersdorf. The essays were interestingly written and pleasantly delivered. One which would do good service in our domestic department was "Setting and Serving a Table." The instruction given was excellent. The closing essay and Valedictory were well worthy of especial notice. The plan of the essay was bright and original, and the history of the School was told in a manner that interested all.

After a few words from Mrs. Durant, the diplomas were presented. The guests were then invited to enjoy some refreshment in the parlor below, where the most delicious ice-cream awaited them. The rest of the evening was spent in the cheerful reading-room, where Miss Drinkwater, the Superintendent of the building, explained many points in connection with the workings of the Association.

These graduates, now going out into active life, are prepared to earn their own living and to make those greatest of earth's blessings,—true homes.

A Word of Explanation.

Now that the Greek-letter societies are fairly established, a word of explanation is in order as to the manner in which their organization was completed. The clause stating: "This constitution shall go into effect when signed by twenty-five students of Wellesley College who are, according to its requirements, eligible for membership," made it necessary to secure twenty-five signatures to each constitution before the societies could have a corporate existence. It was therefore agreed by the charter members, and a limited number of invitations was sent out by the Secretaries. As soon as the requisite number of acceptances was received, the first business meetings were held, and Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha became recognized organizations. Admission to the societies can now be gained only in the way stated in the constitution, that is, by application to the secretary. Such applications are handed by the secretary to a standing committee who, after due consideration, present a report to the society. Not less than three weeks later, action is taken upon this report, and the candidates receiving a three-fourths vote are admitted to membership.

It is earnestly hoped that there may be a clear understanding of the position now assumed by the Greek-letter societies, as well as of the opportunity of joining them that is offered to all advanced students who desire such work as will be undertaken.

Notice to Graduates.

Every Alumna who intends to be present at Commencement, June 25, will please send her name and address that she may receive a ticket for admission.

ANNA M. MCCOY, Secretary.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

CLARA T. BARKER, '89.

In all of our colleges to-day, athletics hold a prominent place. In men's colleges they consist of every known sport, in women's colleges boating and tennis are indulged in principally, and at Wellesley above others boating is a principal feature. We are certainly glad of this and still there is room for improvement. The class crews are chosen more for their ability to sing and to be ornamental than useful. Of course here where we have no races and the chief event of our boating season is Float Day, the singing is a thing to be considered, but strength should be taken into account also. Those girls should be chosen who are strong, muscular and energetic; girls who exercise for exercise's sake and not because they must; girls who have life and vitality enough to undergo such a training as would enable them to row in good form; the singing and comeliness should be a secondary consideration.

The Float this year, of course, we hope will be a success, and so far every thing promises well. We have already begun our rehearsals and the crews are doing good work on the songs. They are specially energetic this year, as almost every evening they are out practising and are doing some good rowing already. There is such a thing, however, as being too energetic, and in this case it consists in going out for practice before breakfast. It would be much better to omit one day's practice than to go out these mornings in the mist or hot sun without anything to eat beforehand, and be tired out for the rest of the day. We need at this time of year all the sleep and rest that we can get, much more than we need the extra three quarters of an hour's practice in our rowing.

Our chief want at present in the boating line is a boat house, with the facilities to protect our boats from the snows in winter and the sun in summer, and to furnish opportunities for practice when we cannot use the lake.

In tennis, Wellesley has a fair record and we hope the day will come when we may have opportunities to test our mettle with our sister colleges. But before that day arrives our courts need improving and increasing. The tournament this year has brought out much good material, but our courts, with one or two exceptions, do not make it possible for the players to do themselves justice, since the inequalities in the ground render skill too often subservient to chance. We certainly have ground enough to furnish good courts and plenty of them, but what we need is some competent person to lay them out and see that they are kept in good condition.

The interest developed here in tennis and the good work done is due largely to the efficient action of the Tennis Association, which has grown steadily since its organization in the spring of 1885. It serves to bring together the tennis interests of the college, and by the annual tournament it fosters and increases these interests. In this, Wellesley has the advantage over her near sister, where there is no tennis organization and the courts are owned by a few who monopolize the best.

While our gymnasium is well equipped with apparatus, there is no provision for keeping up during the winter months the skill and interest in tennis developed during the summer. This is shown by the often repeated cry for some covered courts for those who play tennis, and a bowling alley for those who want recreation and exercise and who do not play.

Owing to this delightful New England climate there is a time, in the early spring and late fall, when both tennis and boating being impracticable and the work in the gymnasium not begun, a need is felt for some out-door exercise other than walking. We have tricycling to be sure, but that is necessarily confined to a very few. This need could be met by the formation of a Hare and Hounds Club, as the country around furnishes every facility for capital runs.

Let us congratulate ourselves upon the interest taken here in athletics; but let us not forget that this is confined to comparatively few, and that in proportion as this number becomes greater, there will be a better foundation for good mental work and fewer names taken from our class lists year by year on account of poor health.

TO WIT, TO WIT, TO WHO.

EDITH E. MEYCALF, '89.

Glad greetings to the dear old Phi Sigma Owl now reinstated upon the honored perch! More brilliant subjects than the old ones he may have; for surely the world moves on and the type of Wellesley mind is bound to improve; but more loving, loyal devotees he can not desire and we entreat him to weave into his solemn meditations kindly thoughts of the Past and us. Is it permitted to the ancient followers of the Owl, far removed from the loved shadow of his wing, to show their cordial interest in Phi Sigma's fair future, by offering a suggestion or two wrought out from thinking upon the lacks of Phi Sigma's past, the possibilities of its present? If so, then a word to that wise Owl: There's a wee book, which we hope you will clasp closely in your claw and wave unceasingly in Phi Sigma's presence, to wit: Cushing's Manual—new edition. Phi Sigmans, the later, let that precious bird be prouder of the management of Phi Sigma meetings than he had ever a right to be before. Give him a chance for once to be as proud of the orderly method of your sessions as of their literary worth. That wise old Owl knows you are intellectual; what he needs to be taught is that a woman can be business-like. Man is the natural organizer; it doesn't take the wisdom of an Owl to see that; the conducting of assemblies is not our forte; but, sisters mine, is it actually beyond us to do it in a mildly respectable manner?

As an aid to that end, may I pass on a hint gathered from a flourishing Western Society? They appoint a committee to prepare a set of questions from Cushing's Manual. These become the permanent possession of the Society, and I may add in parenthesis that they are a means of grace to the committee; for it proves a difficult but most educative task to frame such questions suitably. At stated intervals the question-list is produced and a drill upon it is conducted in somewhat the manner of a spelling-match. Sides are chosen, the chairman propounds the questions and the winning side feels quite puffed up with parliamentary pride. In another Society, which I watch, the drill takes a different form. At my last visit, Cushing's Section on Motions was under discussion and a mock fire of motions, amendments, layings on the table, risings to points of order, *et cetera*, *ad infinitum* was so ingeniously and wittily kept up, that it was hard to tell whether more knowledge or fun was extracted from this—the illustrative method. The great aim seemed to be to "rattle the chair"; but the brave chair made decisions calmly—although a woman—and refused to be "rattled." It may be less sentimental, but I am led to believe, more profitable for all concerned, to allow the president to hold office but a short term, in order that all may have an opportunity to realize, if not to conquer, the difficulties that beset the presidential chair.

Can the patient Owl bear another word? Why not forget the essay for awhile? It is too easy—and perhaps also *all work*, which is found naturally outside the Society walls. The oration as a mental training holds double the value of the essay. The oratorical style is too little cultivated by us women, though *en dit* we were born to talk. A Journalistic Article also makes a pleasant change from the everlasting essay—only it must be a Journalistic article,—in theme and treatment bearing that scarcely definable but distinct distinction from the orthodox essay. Carefully prepared papers so framed as to provoke discussion, more elaborate than essays, in which a subject is hunted down scientifically and furnished with its proper statistics, even if only one or two be required of a member during her whole connection with the Society, will be of more use to the writer and

the listener than several dozens of ordinary essays. But if you desire to attempt it, oh dauntless Owl, the most ridiculous and at the same time most appropriate and beneficial fashion you could introduce into your new career, would be the impromptu speech making, which is at once the humiliation and the glory of some of your sister societies. Do you do it already? It is like you. Called suddenly up by the President, given a subject, "on the fly," as it were, with but three awful seconds to consider it, while advancing to the front, will you, the *Wellesley* girl, hesitate and succumb; or will you say *something* or die, say it all the more impressively the less you know about it? We old Phi Sigmans, so modest in our day and generation, would like to see.

One last whisper: Whatever else you do or don't do, be wiser than we in this one thing,—wise as an Owl, wise as a serpent, if needful, and *make the Faculty love you*. Count in the ancient Phi Sigmans as your devoted friends—yours to serve you, yours to learn of you.

AN OPEN LETTER TO '80.

Dear Girls of '80:

Last year my husband and I went abroad with one of our young Cornell Professors, to make researches, and among the libraries in which we worked was one for which I have a peculiar affection, and of which I would like to tell you. It is the old *Water Church* of Zurich that stands close by the green clear tide of the Limmat.

Our simple old Justice of the Peace up in Fluntern, sitting at the head of the table in his gold-embroidered smoking cap, and distributing local knowledge for the good of the foreigner, declares with great impressiveness in his barbarous Zurich dialect, bringing his gold-ringed hand down on the table for emphasis, that this same *Water Church* was built by Charlemagne himself. But whoever laid the foundation-stones, its simple Gothic interior is of the 14th century, not the 8th, and Zwingli, rather than Charlemagne, is its hero, spite of the bourgeois legend. And yet that legend is in sympathy with the traditions of the spot; for like so many of the Christian churches of Europe, this old *Water Church* occupies the site of an ancient heathen shrine, which covered a sacred spring. Dark legends, too, connect the site with the Irish brother and sister, who were the first missionaries and martyrs of Zurich,—part of that heroic band who made St. Gall an early centre of culture and worship. But centuries of Christian consecration could not rid the place of its aroma of heathen rite and legend, and its eerie heathen sanctity; and Zwingli and the reformers frankly abandoned the attempt, and turned the handsome haunted church into the town library and museum, and so it has come to pass that rare old folios fill its galleries, that the light from its long windows shines in on Roman milestones, on the rusty pottery of the lake-dwellers, on medieval manuscripts, on the letters of Lady Jane Gray to Bullinger. There in the greenery about the choir, a bronze statue of Zwingli stands; oblivious of the children playing at his feet, he looks gravely forth up to that old battlefield among the hills, where he lost his life; and there within the Gothic alcoves springing from its walls, still rests the old reformer's library.

Rich in the first place, it has gathered to itself in the course of time an almost unique collection of war-like theology. The fathers are there as a matter of course, in monumental folios, bound in boards, covered with stamped white sheepskin, fastened with rich clasps of metal. See this Eusebius in white and gold, tied with heavy green satin ribbons, with little tabs of gilded leather attached here and there to mark the beginnings of the treatises it contains. But the great array is this mass of controversial Protestant theology: thick unwieldy chunks of octavos, with pages numbering up into the thousands, worm-eaten folios with a solemn portrait of the author in his best gown and bands for frontispiece, quartos, whose leaves are dark with age and dimly printed,—hard reading there;—but if you conquer their musty dimness and their contracted Latin, you will find something humorous *et cetera*. The very names make one smile, so much like a child's dog Latin do they seem,—*Georgius Hornius*, *Isaacus Vossius*, *Finckius Casparus*, *Meisnerus Balthasar*, to say nothing of the redoubtable *Heidegger* and the doughty *Johannes Conradus Dannhauerus*. Such names are bludgeons of themselves.

Poor old Georgius Hornius had dared to put forth a "Dissertation on the True Age of the World;" whereupon, Isaacus Vossius published his "Castigations of the Writing of George Horn on the Age of the World;" then Georgius replied in "Defence of the Dissertation Concerning the True Age of the World Against the Castigations of Isaac Voss." Next Isaacus, who had no wit to spare, published an "Addition to the Castigations of the Writing on the Age of the World," which seems to have silenced Georgius, especially since Vossius took good care to let him know that the devil himself had inspired him with such unorthodox and damnable views. This was the style of 1659.

Still more fascinating is another specialty of this old library,—the "*Neue Zeitungen*"—those little printed sheets of news, that travelled secretly all over Europe in the sixteenth century; sometimes hidden in a merchant's wares, sometimes in a beggar's clothes, they carried news among the common people, often of a most startling nature. Take this, for instance, on the introduction of the Gregorian calendar, translated out of its old German by our good Swiss friend, Herr Kneiss:

"A truthful and real description of the four mindless (*Geistlos*) mutinous fellows and rebellious Jesuits, who have advised and arranged the new calendar, in order to bring thereby discord into the whole world." Published at Tübingen by Alexander Hock, 1584.

To the Christian Reader:
DEAR READER,—It is doubtless known to the whole world what great discord has arisen amongst all classes, great and small, on account of the great change effected in Christian lands through the cruel, godless, anti-Christian, accursed cheats, the Jesuits. There has also, not long ago, appeared the calendar framed by them in 1584, in the month of September, by the co-operation of delegates and adherents of Pope Gregory, viz., D. Sebald Bedie of Bojen, a Jesuit; H. Leonhardus Nabiss, of Ulm, a tailor and teacher of the godless crowd; also Frater Johann Nass, at the time court-priest at Innsbruck, a tailor by trade. These have sewed and patched together the accursed and rebellious new calendar, in order to bring disorder and disunion into the whole Christian world, which the Pope himself has confirmed. But since the Almighty God leaves no evil unavenged, he has in good time proved his power against these rebellious mutineers, by dire punishment as will be seen hereafter.

"When the godless crowd departed from Trient, and each returned to his home, it happened that the first mutineer,—at three miles from Venice,—was seized by pangs of conscience and hung himself up at night on an apple-tree, in the garden of some lord. Such was his reward.

"In similar sad manner, has God punished the other. When Sebald Bedie came home to Bojen and found himself sorely troubled by leprosy, of which he complained much, and which caused him to go to Vienna in order to be cured, he was immediately shown a bath four miles from Vienna where he had intercourse with bad women, so that he cursed himself and called for the devil to fetch him. He (the devil) did not wait long and appeared in broad daylight, wrestled with him, and took him away before the whole people, carried him into the air amidst cruel treatment, so that he was heard to cry fearfully. On the third day, he was found fatally mangled, three miles from Pressburg, in Hungary, on a high mountain.

"Besides this, it has come to our notice, that a short time ago, Leonhardus Nabiss, who had been ordered to the hospital of St. Gallen in order to explain the gospel of Matthew, was seized by the power of God, so as to lose speech and hearing, besides having all his limbs paralyzed. Thus does God punish the haughty spirit.

"We have it also on creditable testimony, that F. Johann Nasenkönig, a tailor and court-preacher at Tunsbrach, who departed on the 25th of November, intending to celebrate the St. Andreas day at Halle, in the Innthal, and who had mounted his horse in fine style, was thrown under the falling horse, so as to break his leg in three places, making it perhaps necessary to amputate the same. I leave it now to everyone to surmise what might have been the cause of such accidents befalling these mutineers. Every workman is worthy of his reward."

The devil was a great character in those days. St. Peter's bells are booming the hour of noon, but before we go, just look into this old manuscript scrap-book, kept by some worthy Zurich burgher, four hundred years ago, and illustrated with home-made water-colors, of witch-burnings and various supernatural occurrences. Our pet picture is this—of a man about to commit a robbery; the devil, with tail and ears erect, and grinning with delight, is blowing a bellows into his victim's ear literally inspiring him to the gruesome deed.

But enough of medievalism; the old library is charming, but without are the mountains, the green-flowing Limmat, the glorious sky, and all the live people in the quaint old streets.

But I forget! This is only a letter, so I can't take you out to see the swans, nor old Charlemagne with his gold crown on his head, sitting up there between the minster-towers, nor splendid Tödi, shining in the south. I can only close by assuring you of my undiminished love for the girls of '80.

Sincerely yours, MARY SHERIDON BARNES.

Dawn.

SADIE McNARY, '90.

Like the glory of poet's dreams,
That taints on the edge of thought;
Like the ecstasy which seems
From a boundless splendor caught;

It flashes along the sky,
It touches the rim of the world;
The night shades quiver and die
And the morning is unfurled.

Results.

E. A. C.

Only a wearisome round
Of fruitless, perpetual toil!
Only a circle of days
So full of their struggle and toil!

Dreaming of brilliant success,
Of blessing the whole human race!
Only a trifle of good
In only a very small place!

Up from the ocean of life
The sunlight of infinite love
Gathers the good that is done
And beams it in brightness above.

Even the smallest attempts
As well as achievements sully,
Thence to descend on the earth,
A blessing to all coming time.

Land Ahead.

MARY RUSSELL BARTLETT, '79.

'Tis wrought in heirlooms of our country's lore
That when before his ventures vessel's deck
The fancied land faded in cloudy fleck,
The patience of Columbus yet once more
With daring promise of a glittering store
Contrived the clamorous sailors' wrath to check
Till doubted isles drew nearer at his beck,
And flight of birds foretold the wished-for shore.
When mutinous thoughts the murmuring cry upraise,
"To gird life's sea there lies no shining strand,"
And we have ruled them with constraining hand
Through dreary reckoning of shoreless days,
The poets pass us with their cheering lays,
Like birds, the proof of undiscovered land.

—Boston Transcript, '80.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM GREECE.

EMILY NORCROSS, '80.

ATHENS, April 8th.

When one wishes to go a little farther from Greece than a day will allow, a pleasant little trip lies all ready to his hand, for the railroad will take him as far south as Nauplia, carrying him close by Corinth, Mycenae, Argos, Tiryns and Epidaurus. All the better if he can make this but the first stage of a complete tour of the Peloponnesos, but if not, it is a little circuit in itself full of beauty and interest, and it does not take one beyond the comforts of a comparative civilization.

The railroad carries us northward over the plain of Athens, searching for an easy path through the mountain ridge. For once reason it seems Daphne, the pass of the Sacred Way and Eleusinian processions, and finds at last a broad valley between the ends of Parnes and Aegaleos, close by the site of the famous deme of Acharnæ. From the fertile plains, chequered with wheat-fields, olive-orchards and vineyards we pass through the succession of rocky slopes, rough with furze and pines, where only a favored hollow here and there is green with springing grain. Thence we come down into the wide plain of Eleusis where motherly Demeter first taught the Greeks to till the soil, and I strongly suspect that the very same kind of plow introduced then has been used ever since. You see its shape as a peasant opportunely lifts it from the ground at the end of a furrow, a long, round stick bent twice at right angles, and shod at one joint with iron. From its lightness it requires a firm and constant pressure on the handle, and its utmost effect is a kind of energetic scratching of the soil, which secures, however, to suffice very well.

At one's left are the ruins of the great sanctuary of Eleusis, grouped around the base of a long, low hill, whose summit is marked now only by an ugly little Byzantine church and its graceful little bell-tower. Beyond is the lovely land-locked Bay of Eleusis so completely shut in by the heights of Salamis as to seem like an inland lake. It is a long while before we are fairly past Salamis' rugged shoulder and can look out over the broad Saronic Gulf to where Aegina lies in the misty distance.

Megara soon appears on the right, a little town rising conspicuous over its low dome-shaped hill-site, and in its retirement from the sea carrying one's thoughts back to the days of its founding, when pirates made the sea-shore dreaded. From this point the Geranion mountains come down to the sea, and we are running along a narrow ledge with the wonderful blue water dashing up on the rocky shore far below, and gray mountain-slopes walling us in on the other hand.

Now below, now above, is a fine white road, the descendant of the Scironian road for which Pausanias finds special words of praise while making this same journey.

From the little village of Kalamake we begin to turn in a perplexing, lovely curve across the Isthmus. We leave the blue Saronic Gulf behind us but,—turquoise for sapphire—the Corinthian Gulf opens on the other side.

Half way across we rattle over the deep, narrow cutting of the canal, a work now reaching its completion, for rock does not daunt modern engines as it did that nameless man who attempted long before the Christian era "to make the Peloponnesos an island," nor is there any Delphic oracle now, forbidding man to "oppose the divine ordinances." It is three and

three-quarters miles in length and two hundred and fifty feet in greatest depth, running straight from Posidonia on the west to Isthmia on the east, towns existing chiefly in their imposing names and finely executed paper-plans. Already one can look straight through between its narrow, lofty walls from sea to sea, though no little yet remains to be done before the channel is navigable.

The Corinth where we leave the cars is a flourishing town quite devoid of any ancient associations, for its foundation dates back some thirty years only. Old Corinth lies far off across the green fields at the foot of steep-sided Corinth, and we reach it by a carriage.

To mourn over the departed glories of Greece is so easy and commonplace a thing that it is usually strictly taboed among us, but here on the site of the luxurious Queen of the Isthmus, it is hardly possible to restrain a little sigh when one thinks of all the wealth of beauty and magnificence twice assembled here, and twice given over to ruin. All those many temples, porticoes, theatres, stadia, with their innumerable statues and adornments which Pausanias catalogues for us from the city's second estate of splendor are gone now, leaving not a trace behind.

The little peasants' village now marking the site is sufficiently picturesque with its low houses and walls of gray stone, set round with rich green fields, but it has a strangely deserted aspect from the half-ruined buildings meeting one at every turn, a reminder of the repeated earthquakes which have visited the spot.

On the edge of the village are the remains of a Doric temple. Only seven columns remain standing, with their architrave, and strange, impressive things they are with their heavy gray monolithic shafts discolored by time, and their ponderous, spreading capitals. It is hard to realize that these heavy lines were refined by a swift and direct evolution into the severe elegance and beauty of the Parthenon. Yet even here in the clumsiness of its first estate, one acknowledges how greatly the Doric order surpasses the others in the grave majesty befitting a temple. That this temple was built in the sixth century B. C. is shown by its style, and excavations have brought to light the fact that it was a double temple, but there is nothing whatever to indicate to what divinity it was dedicated.

On the western end of the foundations rises a roofless building, a schoolhouse built under the rule of the unfortunate Capo di Istrias, the first and only President of Greece, and left unfinished after his assassination.

But neither the temple nor the village, the past glories nor the present poverty of Corinth detain us long, while Acro-Corinth is before us. It is a magnificent great gray crag rising sheer above the long velvety green and brown slopes of its base. Far up to the very base of the rock-wall are wheat-fields, wherever the soil will permit cultivation, and where the slopes are too thickly sown with stones, great golden-yellow tufts of euphorbia lend their color to the scene.

The path winding around and upward by gradual ascents leads us to a distant point where a tremendous rocky gorge rends this terminal crag half away from its parent-chain. With a sharp bit of scrambling we are at the base of the rock and the entrance to the citadel.

Battlemented walls still surmount the crag, far up above our heads a great watch-tower rises, and a ponderous iron gate closes the entrance. We feel as if we should forthwith "wind our horn" and summon the castle warden, but inspection speedily shows that the massive doors will open far enough for us to squeeze through, and that no warden is forthcoming,—in fact, that the present garrison consists of a few sheep and goats and some three or four children. Once within, one finds a spacious citadel, extending a full half mile in either direction, and containing two peaks, each crowned by a ruined tower. Such is the most famous and impregnable fortress of ancient Greece.

One is reminded here almost wholly of recent centuries, however, and little of classic times. The famous (or rather infamous) temples of Aphrodite have left no trace behind. Here and there one sees a bit of masonry whose massive structure of closely fitted blocks marks it as Hellenic work, but in the main the walls are Venetian and Turkish.

Cannon lie rusting in the embrasures, some bearing the Venetian arms, and ruined structures are grouped near the gate, one looking much like the base of a minaret, while another with its pointed windows betrays western origin.

If one is vigilant he finds among the yawning mouths of great cisterns, the steps leading downward to the well of Pirene, that never-failing spring whose presence at this lofty height was a source of profound wonder to classic writers.

It is a good twenty minutes climb even from the gate to the summit of the higher and northernmost peak. But once there, all fatigue is instantly forgotten in the marvellous scene.

It is like looking down on a vast illuminated map. What had been familiar to you for years in your ancient atlas as patches of crude red and blue and yellow bounded by black lines and strewn with printed letters is here before you in rippling blue and gleaming white, shining gray softened by dusky green velvety emerald and warm red-browns. Looking northward on the left, we see the intense blue of the Corinthian Gulf and trace the deep double curve of its head.

Then the eye slides across the isthmus lying with the rich smoothness of a variegated carpet far below us, out over the softer blue of the Saronic Gulf to where Regina and Salamis and Corinth's smaller islands lie in amethyst loveliness. Returning, it traces the white line of the mainland shore up into Attica, and were the day perfectly clear, might perceive the Acropolis of Athens. Behind the level vale of the Isthmus are the near Geranion Mountains, and beyond the Corinthian Gulf three snow-capped groups rise pre-eminent, Cithæron and Helicon and Parnassus, each a name so linked with exquisite myths and lofty fancies that it moves us like a strain of music.

Turning westward, our eyes find again a level, smiling stretch of land along the southern shore of the gulf, that "land between Corinth and Sicyon," proverbial for its fertility.

But southward it is all one great sea of mountains looking over from Arcadia, Cyllene in the fore-front, and then the rank and file of lesser heights rising and falling as far as one's eye can follow, far away eastward to the invisible sea. Yet among the mountain-tangle are successions of open valleys, and through these one can trace for a long way the white line of the road leading southward to Argos.

From this peak the ancient Corinthian could see no less than ten states, Megaris, Attica, Boeotia, Phocis, Locris, Aetolia, Achaia, Sicyon, Arcadia and Argolis, and while he was heaping the wealth of the eastern and western waters, of the northern and southern lands in his luxurious city below, he could on this crag keep the sharpest watch over all approaching dangers.

From Corinth the railroad follows a succession of gray, rocky valleys, one beautiful plain only spreading out around the site of ancient Cleonae. Thence we made our way slowly up to the crest of the Nemean Pass. Nemea itself is some miles away among the mountains, but it was apparently about this spot "that the fair of the Nemean lion was still shown" in Pausanias' day, and one is at liberty to choose as such the most promising of the several caves he sees.

We go downward now through deep cuts, swinging around great curves at the mountains' foot, the peaks opening out before us ever wider and wider, till at last we are fairly in the broad Argive plain.

It is not strange if it were the site of earliest civilization in Greece, this noble stretch of fertile land with its complete girdle of protecting mountains whose clasp is the deep Bay of Nauplia at the south. It has in

perfection all the peculiar beauties of Greek scenery, the striking contrasts between lovely plains, rugged mountains and deep shining curves of the sea. On the right we pass Mycenae among the foot-hills at the mountains' base, farther on the citadel of Argos looks down from its steeper spur, then, so near the track that we can throw a stone across, is the low, level-topped mound of Tiryns. The plain of Argos abounds indeed in interesting spots, in ancient memories, but it boasts just one place now where a decent inn may be found, that is Nauplia, so Nauplia is our place of rest for the night.

A quaint little fortified town it is, in name and site one of the most ancient in Greece, but like Acro-Corinth, suggesting now only mediæval days. Massive walls and a broad moat still surround it on the landward side, and you can enter only by a narrow arched gateway over which crouches the lion of Venice flanked on either side by the Venetian arms. It nestles closely at the foot of its lofty, fortress-crowned citadel, or Acro-Nauplia, while the twin height of Palamede rises close behind. It has played a fairly important part in the history of Greece, with its commanding position and well-nigh impregnable fortress. The Venetians long considered it one of their most important points in the Levant, the Turks only gained it after a fierce struggle, and finally it was one of the earliest centres of the Greek revolution, and the seat of government until Athens was made the capital.

A MONK OF SIENA.

PART II.

CAROLINE T. GOODLOE, SPECIAL.

It was late in the spring when Margaret Wayland and her niece left Rome. The city seemed deserted by foreigners, but they had lingered, looking at the galleries and palaces, spending the mornings in long rambles and drives, until May. Then they suddenly bethought themselves, and flew northward to Siena. They left in Rome three friends, whom they expected to meet later in their journeying, but June came and was fast leaving, and no word as to where they were.

They were old Surrey families, the Waylands and the Kents; Margaret Wayland had played with Alicia Whitney in pinafores, had followed her to the altar-steps, where George Kent had taken possession of her and years afterwards, as she was travelling with her niece in Europe had run across her friends, together with Stanford, a lad in kilts when Alicia married, and the friendship was renewed. They had had a winter of enjoyment in Rome; old days between old friends, and new ones for her niece and Whitney. Stanford Whitney was an artist, who, if necessity had demanded, would have developed into a genius, but whose rent-roll was no incentive to hard exertion. As for Margaret Southeren, she was an English girl of two seasons' reputation, a clever girl on the whole, whose hand the pen had been tried successfully, and an heiress as yet under age.

Margaret and her niece are seated in an open window of a villa overlooking the Piazza del Mangia. An English maid moves around the room, putting the chairs in place and adding a few flowers to the vases already full of blossoms. The elder lady lays down the home paper she has been perusing, and speaks anxiously to the younger.

"I cannot imagine why Alicia Kent does not write. Of course they left Rome when we did, and where have they been since then?" then after a moment's pause: "Signor Tommasia says this is the best part of the year; no matter how warm there is always a delightful breeze blowing, and to look across these hills reminds one of England."

"Oh! aunt!" cries the other, "we have never anything to equal this. Do not let your patriotism mar your judgment. We have the freshest, brightest of days, but would our grey mentality ever envelope this land as it does us?"

But Margaret refuses her assent to this piece of flagrant injustice, and covers her confusion by proposing that as the morning is slipping away, they had better visit the Spedale which they had planned to do, two days previous. They make a fine show as they sweep through the narrow streets, where few rays of sunlight light up the gloom; they are dark, ill-kept streets for the most part, with steep inclinations and unexpected angles. They emerge at length in the open square where the Campanile stands, its top encircled by birds flitting in and out among the great iron bells. Far up there in the clear sunlight, their wings tipped with gold, they fly like a host of heavenly beings, uttering short cries of pleasure or giving forth an occasional burst of melody.

Signor Tommasia leads the way to the hospital, and his two companions follow closely through the dark passage ways, into the Hall of the Pilgrim. The ladies are arrayed in light dresses, and Madge Southeren wears a bunch of heavy scarlet roses on her breast. With soft ejaculations they examine the rare frescoes in the vestibule, a Virgin and Child, with Peter and Paul, a crude time now, but a wonder in the days of the artist.

When they finally reach Il Pellegrinajo, the fresh morning breeze pushing the curtains back and fluttering the coverings of the bed, they stop in glad surprise that anything so pure, so unlike the dark London rooms, should be found in this city living in the days when Pope and Cardinal held sway. Their entrance causes a slight flutter down the rows of cots; weary Italians open their heavy eyes and are refreshed by the sight—the grey of the elder, the bright colors of the younger, the gallant attentions of their friend; but they take no interest in their delight over those frescoes on which they have gazed for so many weeks.

Toward the further end of the room between the windows is another Virgin. They move forward, but start back with a cry, and stand motionless. A young man turns his head listlessly to look at them, then raises himself and tries to speak. Two others follow his example, and in a moment Alicia Kent is in the strong, motherly arms of her friend.

"What does this mean?" Margaret cries. "My dear Margaret, I am so glad to see you, I am so glad," Alicia says, her tears falling on her friend's ample shoulders, "take us from this miserable place. It's a prison, I know, though that monk says it's a hospital. George and Stanford have been too sick to do anything, and we have been here since yesterday."

"What is the matter? how did it happen?" From the mass of solded, disjointed words, Margaret fails to grasp any meaning.

"You see, we stayed in Rome a week too long. One afternoon as we were driving it turned very warm, and when we returned to the hotel we stayed there with Roman fever. We thought ourselves much better and started to join you. But the brothers say we were taken from our coaches and brought here yesterday, in the morning. We wanted to surprise you and so we didn't write."

"You did it," says Margaret dryly, though not unkindly: "the first thing is to move you," she adds, looking around as though to put her words into immediate effect.

But a monk steps forward. "Pardon, madam, but the rector says they are to stay here until better."

"That's what they said yesterday," calls out Kent, speaking for the first time. "I don't suppose there is an English physician in this accursed place. I've demanded one, but unsuccessfully."

"My dear Kent, can't you restrain your feeling? for my part, I do not object to this; that young brother has put more life into my body with his dark eyes alone, than all your country doctors with their physics would have done. I prefer this long cool hall to a hot hotel room with the ever-present Thompson and his wines."

"It's very well for you to talk," growls Kent, "but every body can't get well on a picturesque Italian monk, and herbs of nauseating taste. I should like a civilized bed and my man. I am not so sick as I was yesterday, and these sisters with their flapping white caps and black gowns, heads and crosses, are a little too high church. Eh, Miss Madge?"

"It seems so strange," she says, "we left you comfortable Britons in Rome, and we next see you captive foreigners in a hospital at Siena."

"That's it," says Kent angrily, "think of taking us here and keeping us against our wills, as if we were vagrants. It's absurd, the government will hear of it!"

"Don't you think it's better than lying in a mague perhaps, where we no doubt would be by this time had they not brought us here? But come, Miss Southeren, no doubt, would rather talk of something else. Have you noticed that young monk there, the one that spoke to you in English? I made a sketch of him last evening. He has a beautiful face, and the body of a god. He walks like one of these old Siennese nobles and speaks our tongue uncommonly well, too."

"He has bewitched you. His face is really perfect. Do you suppose he would talk to us, or will the order allow it?" asks Madge, smiling at his enthusiasm.

"I do not know anything about the order. He says his convent is on the outskirts of the city, and with a little persuasion I think I can get him to take me there. It does not seem closed to visitors."

"And if you do, take us. I feel already interested in him. See, Auntie is talking to him, perhaps about having you removed."

"Could not that Signor with whom you came do something with the Rector? Our words are like pebbles on a board. They strike the man mildly and roll off, leaving no impression."

"George Kent, I am surprised at your lack of appreciation," says Whitney, indignantly. "You have here before your eyes paintings you may never see again, and with all of our ill-luck, still we don't have our slumbers guarded every night by Madonnas and angels four hundred years old. As for me, a week of this and I am a second Raphael."

The ever-watchful nurses come up and insist that their patients be kept more quiet; "perhaps the visitors would like to see another room where there is a Saint John, would they not?" and as they pass out Brother Giovanni, an almost rigid figure during their stay, draws a long breath and mechanically pulls the cowl over his head.

They are moved that same day, and the faithful Thompson and Baker, who have clung to the belief for twenty-four hours that their master and mistress have only missed connection from Rome, and who have remained fixtures, a part of the general luggage in the great depot, are once more put in charge. They settle in the same villa with Margaret Wayland, and there the invalids are prettily waited on by the two ladies.

"It's preposterous, after a life in India, to return to Rome to die of fever," mutters Kent, as he swings comfortably in a large hammock.

"It's because we did live there that we did not die of it in a cooler place," says Alicia, in whose cheeks a little color is seen.

"That doesn't apply in my case," Whitney adds, "because I've had no Indian experience and I pulled through. We are all reserved for a much worse fate; to go back to England and slowly get well or worse. Yet, when I was a boy and rather reckless in the use of my gun, the old Scotch gate-keeper would tell me I was born to be hung."

"Nonsense, that is out of the question, your not getting well, and that soon," says Margaret, stoutly: "your family has bestowed a fine constitution on you, and Roman fever is only troubles-me in hot districts. You will be strong and out again in a week, and we will go on our old walks and rides. Here is that extraordinary monk again. What have you done, what magic have you used, Stanford, to persuade him to come to you every day, as he has for the last few weeks?"

"Nothing, my dear Miss Wayland, but make him promise to bring me fresh herbs every morning, in return for which I pay to the poor, in his convent box. As yet he has found himself to few rules, and is free to come and go. His health and youth enable him to send him to the hospital often, where the exertion would be too much for another. Can he come up here? and if you ladies will talk to him, I can get another sketch of him in my book."

He comes up the broad piazza with a graceful, unconscious air. He has been admitted to their circle many times before, and already they look forward to his daily call with pleasure. He greets them with a low bow, pushes the cowl off the damp curls, and going to the young man bends down and says:

"Peace to you, Signor."

"And to you, Brother," he is answered.

"I cannot come to-morrow, nor the next day, nor many days afterward, Signor; Father Benedicto has sent me to the Duomo, and my hours shall be spent in the library with the great books. The herbs shall come by Brother Antonio. It is already late and I must leave. Shall I see you at the library? If not, farewell."

"Surely you are not going, Brother," cries Whitney, aghast. Something in the young man's tender words, in the soft tone of his voice, as he speaks the farewell, some wistful look before unknown in the brown eyes, touches him. He puts out a hand to detain him. "You must not go, I cannot spare you, and my poor-box is not full." They make a strange contrast, the fair-haired man, so essentially a man of the world, and the monk, dark, formed like a Greek god, with the look of a conqueror.

"Signor has given far more than the herbs cost; he has given most generously."

"Nonsense," says Whitney, half-realizing the hold the man has taken on him. "But Miss Southeren has something to say to you. Go and make your adieux to her."

Brother Giovanni goes over to where she is seated working on some bright erebels. "You must not go away. Mr. Whitney—we all watch for you every day," she says, looking up into his face.

He puts his hand to his bronzed throat as though the loose robe choked him. "The Cardinal has sent for me," he answers her.

"But you don't wish to go," she begins cautiously; then, remembering her charge, she adds: "But sit down by me for awhile, there where the sun will shine on your robe; will you answer me a question? How did you learn English so perfectly?" But he rises in agitation. "I cannot, I must not stay. Indeed it is late, I must depart."

An exclamation from the artist recalls her. "But surely you will answer my question. I am sure I could never learn your tongue so well."

"Ah! it is not hard. As for your tongue, when I was a boy my old nurse taught me the words; when I entered the convent I studied it with a brother, an Englishman; he was very kind to me and I studied hard to please him."

"And shall you never go to England?" she says idly.

For a moment the eyes open widely, then a new look comes in them. Throwing his head back like an animal at bay, he says: "I will go away from here. I will see you in England some day," then startled by his own vehemence he stands erect before her. "I must leave. Farewell to you," he adds more calmly. With a quick step he goes to the chair of Whitney and, stooping down, softly kisses his brow. "Peace with you, Signor."

And there are tears in Whitney's blue eyes as he responds: "And with you."

They watch his tall figure until it disappears from view, the cowl again pulled over the face, the little basket, held by the strong left hand, swinging as he strides away.

"What is it in that man that fascinates one besides his beauty? his simplicity? He touched my forehead like a woman. Verily," sighs Whitney, "he is not of our days. As pure in thought as a child, as tender and patient as a mother, and no skepticism in his faith. When I was in the room they call The Blessed Virgin he stood before me as a god, yet his prayer was as simple and grand as a patriarch of old. What has possessed me? is it this soft atmosphere which lies like a spell on one's lips, or is it the fever has not left my brain?"

"You have fallen in love with a young Italian monk," says practical Kent. "He's not exactly what you've been accustomed to and you've simply lost your reason over him. They are a queer people indeed, taking strangers to hospital prisons and keeping them there, until by the merest chance they are smuggled away."

"My dear fellow, do you remember the story of the Good Samaritan? Eh? Well, do you think the poor devil he cared for did his best to destroy the reputation of his preserver after he recovered, or brought about a lawsuit for taking him to the inn?" suggests Stanford lazily, watching the far-off smoke curl up from the chimney-tops and lose itself in the blue of the sky.

"We must go to the library, my dear," says Margaret briskly: "we might do this young man a great deal of good; he says he will come to England, and once there, who knows, he might be converted."

"Ph! aunt, Madge, how you take the romance out of things! Brother Giovanni shorn of his robe would have no more fascination. He would be simply lost sight of."

"Would you deprive the man of his breath? As well take the heart from him as to uproot the religion he has had from his cradle," cries Whitney excitedly. "You would implant in his soul the seeds of questioning, of pessimism, his very sun would be darkened by our theological riddles;" then more quietly: "I should never care to see him in London; better a thousand times retain his Catholicism with its hollowness than grasp Protestantism with its heresies."

"Stanford, do you feel the heat?" asks Alicia anxiously. "Thompson, bring that screen nearer this side, so the sunlight will be shut off."

"Ah! Alicia, do you think all ailments are bodily?" says Whitney, laughing half sadly.

(To be concluded.)

THE COURANT.

COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, - - - \$1.50.

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Publisher.
CHAS. D. HOWARD, NATICK, MASS.

Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall, Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

Mount Holyoke Alumnae Meeting.

The reception given in honor of Miss Brigham of Brooklyn, by the Boston Holyoke Alumnae Association at The Thorndike on Saturday, May 18, was most delightful. Miss Brigham is president-elect of Mount Holyoke Seminary and College, and many of the Holyoke daughters, with husbands and friends, gathered to do honor to the woman, whose earnest, successful life in the past promises so much for the future of an institution, crowned with the highest Seminary honors of a half century, now entering the broader ways of College life.

At the annual business meeting held at eleven o'clock, appropriate resolutions were passed, expressing the grief of the Association at the death of Mrs. Mary Chapin Pease, a former principal of the Seminary.

From twelve to one Miss Sarah P. Eastman of the Dana Hall School, president of the Boston Association, received the guests, and presented them to Miss Brigham.

At the close of the reception, Miss Eastman and Dr. Clark of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Webb and Miss Brigham, led the way to the spacious dining room of The Thorndike. Nearly one hundred and fifty members of the Association with friends enjoyed the bountiful lunch and the good words which followed. Miss Eastman presided most gracefully and after fitting words of welcome happily introduced the speakers. Dr. Clark spoke for the Trustees, dwelling upon their broad plans and large hopes for the new College, while urging that her deep needs should become a motive for individual action. Mayor Hall of Cambridge spoke most earnestly of the universal interest in Holyoke's history and work and testified his high regard for the strong character moulded by the Holyoke influence. Dr. Webb of Wellesley and Dr. Green of Japan represented respectively the clergyman and missionary, in whose lives many a Holyoke daughter has been a most potent factor.

Hearty applause greeted Miss Brigham as she arose. She spoke with pleasure of her recent visit at Holyoke, and with wisdom and enthusiasm both of the past and future of the new College, leaving in the minds of the Alumnae a firm conviction that the helm has been entrusted to a strong hand and that the College ship would ever be guided in the best course. Mrs. Claflin's few words were received with attention, as she spoke for herself and Mr. Claflin and expressed their united interest in the College departure, which she now favors, as Mr. Claflin has always done.

Mrs. Durant's heartfelt words, promising that the love and honor, which Wellesley as Holyoke's daughter had ever accorded her should now become the close fellowship of a sister, must have moved many a heart warm with love for each honored institution and for Mr. and Mrs. Durant, strong helpers of the one, beloved founders of the other.

The greetings of the Worcester Alumnae Association were gracefully presented by Miss Mary Jeffs of the class of '68, while Miss Margaret Emma Ditto of '61 spoke of the Holyoke of the past, and Miss Ward's "God bless you" closed a never to be forgotten meeting.

Corrections on Prof. Denio's Fourth Lecture as Reported Last Week.

Conrad von Wurzburg, who died in 1287, was one of the imitators and successors of the great epic poets of the twelfth century. Freidank and Thomasin were didactic and satirical writers. Walther von der Vogelweide, master of lyric, was not a successor, but the contemporary of Gottfried von Strassburg and Wolfram von Eschenbach.

Scherer's efforts to awaken interest in Walther's poems have not exceeded those of many other writers of modern times. The word *Minnesinger* after Bozen, in the Tyrol, where a monument to Walther has been erected, is here superfluous and has no meaning.

With the thirteenth century began an age of faith, of chivalry in religion as in love.

The old drama, enacted at Einsiedeln, in 1322, bears the name of Die Zehn Jungfrauen.

College Notes.

The Senior class is to be congratulated upon securing for Commencement orator, Prof. J. G. Schurman, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Cornell University, and Rev. Frank Gunsulius of Plymouth Church, Chicago, to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon, Sunday, June 23.

The heavy rain of Monday and Tuesday deprived the Faculty of their anticipated excursion. By the generous kindness of Prof. Horsford, the sixty ladies of the resident Faculty were invited to drive in easy carriages to Weston, for the purpose of inspecting the traces of the early Northmen there, and then proceed to Prof. Horsford's hospitable home in Cambridge for an afternoon lunch. But it rained.

The first text in the Student's Series of English Classics, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, edited by Miss Bates, is now ready, and will shortly be followed by Webster's First Bunker-Hill Oration, edited by Miss Hodgkins, and Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive, edited by Miss Scudder. These texts are among those required by the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools for admission to College in '90 and '91. Each book contains biographical sketch, notes, and hints as to how an oration, essay or poem, as the case may be, should be studied. The Webster and the Macaulay texts present critical introductions of value, while the Coleridge text develops the criticism through a series of suggestive questions. These books are issued by the firm of Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, 34 Harrison Ave. Extension, Boston, and 16 Astor Place, New York.

Prof. Hodgkins' excellently serviceable Guide to the Study of Nineteenth Century Authors as well as her pamphlet on the English Language, may now be obtained through the College book-store.

The dedication of the former volume reads: "To the Students of the English Literature Classes of Wellesley College, who have made my task a pleasure by the grateful enthusiasm with which they have accompanied me in my studies."

Mr. Clapp, who is so popular a lecturer among the Wellesley students, as elsewhere, will deliver a lecture to the Shakespeare Society and others interested, Saturday evening, May 25.

A Pupils' Concert will be given Monday evening.

The Greek Letter Societies held their first regular meetings last week, and judging from the auspicious beginning, their course will be a long and prosperous one. The constitutions of both have been signed by the requisite number, twenty-five, and the two highest officers of each have been elected. In Zeta Alpha, Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, is President and Miss Theo Kyle, '91, Vice President. In Phi Sigma, Miss Mabel Curtis, '90, is President and Miss Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91, Vice

President. Kindly greetings from their "older sisters" were sent to the Zeta Alphas in the form of a large basket of pansies and forget-me-nots, while to Phi Sigma was sent the genuine and original owl, with a little note bearing kindest wishes and the promise of a speedy gift of a gavel. As insignia, the members of Zeta Alpha wear for the present light-blue buttons, while the Phi Sigmas proudly bear crimson badges displaying their mystic letters in silver.

The Board of Visitors met at the College on Friday.

Miss Cooley, Principal of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, visited the College and Dana Hall this week.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Miss Kate Clarke, '86, is busying herself with private pupils at her home in Newport, R. I.

Miss Lillian E. Pool, '86, holds a position in the High School at Portland, Oregon, and is also teaching private pupils.

Miss Caroline Tyler, '86, is in charge of Mrs. Ballard's Home School for young ladies and children at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Miss Mary Baker, '86, is teaching in Yankton, South Dakota.

It is expected that Mrs. Norman F. Thompson, '80, will spend Commencement week with Mrs. Guild at West Roxbury.

Review of the Lectures and Readings in the Elocution Department.

March 7th, 14th, 21st. These dates were given up to lectures by Prof. L. A. Butterfield on the subject of Bell's Visible Speech, as applied to speaking the English language. These lectures were delivered before the elective classes in Elocution.

April 11th.—Mrs. Anna Baright Curry of the Boston School of Expression gave a talk and reading in the Stone Hall parlor, her subject being Vocal Expression as a Practical Aid to the Study of Literature. By vocal expression she understood not mere technique of voice, but that subtle something which comes from a keen appreciation of the beauties of an author's thought and feeling, and which can be felt in reading, but not described. Poetry cannot be separated from its environment, or it loses that delicate aroma which makes it poetry. This is often lost, but if present, there is no way in which the poet may be so clearly understood and deeply felt as when interpreted by the human voice in reading. To adequately read a poet's works there must be that depth of understanding and appreciation which come from a thorough knowledge of the writer. In illustration of her various points, Mrs. Curry read from Tennyson, Lowell, Wordsworth, Keats, Shakespeare, Marlowe and Hogg. Especially enjoyable among these were "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," "Ode to a Nightingale," "When the Kye Come Home," and an old ballad called: "The Cruel Sister." Mrs. Curry illustrated well in her own expression the aid it is possible for reading to give to literary study. The technique of her vocal expression is so fine that we cease to remember she uses any, and listen only to the poet's song as she brings it to us. But we also learn the lesson that technique must be mastered before the full beauty and value of work of this kind can be realized.

April 18th.—Miss Ida Serven, a graduate from the school of Mr. Steele Mackay of New York, gave a reading in the Stone Hall parlor. See COURANT of April 26.

April 22.—Prof. L. T. Powers gave a reading in the Chapel. See COURANT of April 26.

May 2.—Miss Edna Dean Proctor entertained a large audience with readings from her own works. See COURANT of May 10.

The Wide, Wide World.

May 18.—Widespread conspiracy against the Czar among military officers. Anarchist republican conspiracy discovered near Valencia, Spain. Disastrous storms in Austria. The Umbria crosses the Atlantic in six days, three hours.

May 19.—Pundita Ramabai opens her school in the Bombay district with one child-widow, and three unmarried little girls. Heavy shock of earthquake in California.

May 20.—Triumph of the Canadian Liberals prophesied. Incendiarisms in Chicago suburban towns. Gophers destroying crops in Iowa. Mining suit involving \$40,000,000 begun in California.

May 21.—King Humbert at Berlin. Minister Reid received by President Carnot. Treaty between France and Hayti. Collision of two British steamers. Trouble with the Indians of British Columbia. Interest manifested in the Nicaragua Canal project.

May 22.—Steamer *City of Paris* crosses the Atlantic in five days, twenty-two hours. Race quarrel at Forest City, Ark. Collision in the St. Lawrence. Desperate plight of Indiana miners.

May 23.—Colliery disaster in Wales. The Samoan Conference to be concluded in two more sittings. 10,000 miners strike at Saar, Austria. Trial of General Boulanger postponed until August.

May 24.—Strike of 10,000 Bohemian miners. Mr. Parnell confident of success. Anti-Jesuit petition in Canada. Riot over a land claim at Guthrie. Cornell receives a gift of \$500,000. Death of Laura Bridgman.

ATTENTION!

The *Legenda* is in press, and the first copies will be received June 1st. These will be sent at once to the advertisers, in order that the receipts from the advertisements may be made as soon as possible. About June 5th, the sale of the *Legenda* will be opened to the College. The price will be 75 cents if purchased at the College; 85 cents if sent by mail. All Alumnae who have ordered copies will please send money immediately to Miss Caroline L. Williamson.

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